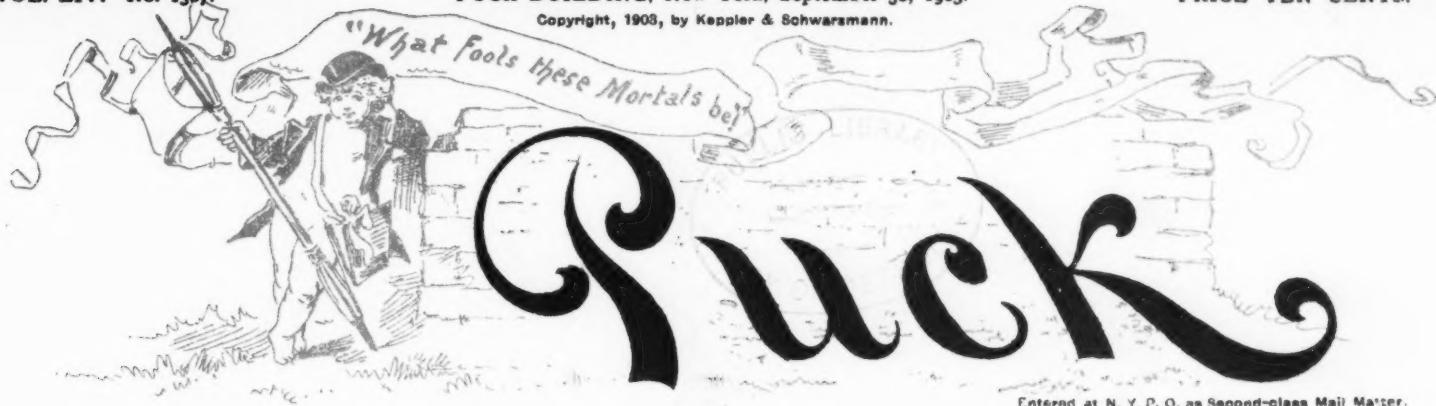


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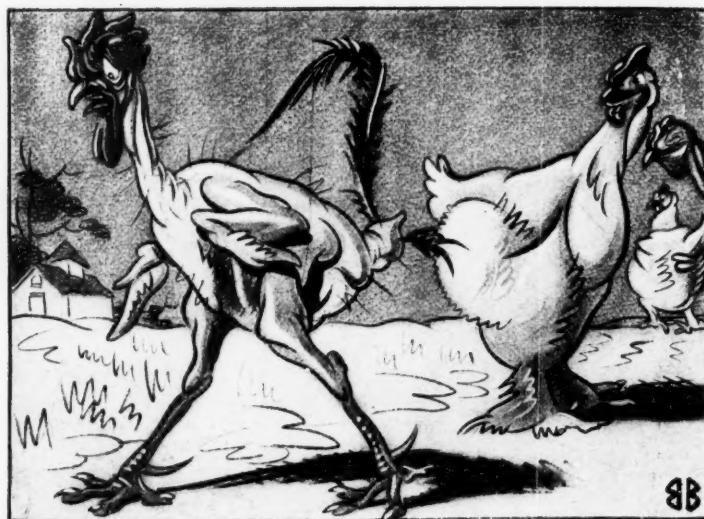
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A TIDY JOB; BUT —



HIS ONLY HOPE.

THE ROOSTER (*who has lost his plumage*).—By Jove! I've a good mind to do something desperate in the hope that some one will tar and feather me.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE CURTAIN has descended and now behind the scenes—
A purple sky is falling, a canvas fort careens;
They're pulling up an ocean, a castle topples down.
One man lifts up a mountain—the show is leaving town.

The sunset that entranced you, the silver moon that thrilled,
Are in the scenery wagon folded tight and billed;
While shifters shout and hustle, the bossmen swear and trown;
The stage is all confusion—the show is leaving town.

And now down in the greenroom the players fret and fume,
The late ones hunt their make-ups and shout to give them room;
The leading star is wailing about her missing gown,
A dozen trunks are rolling—the show is leaving town.

At last the stage is quiet, the stragglers have gone,
But down about the station the bustle now is on;
The waiting-room is crowded with stars of stage-renown
With dogs and canes and satchels—the show is leaving town.

Victor A. Hermann.

IN SOME quarters, crime seems to be regarded chiefly as raw material for journalism.

While the way of the transgressor may sometimes be hard, it is not necessarily lonesome.

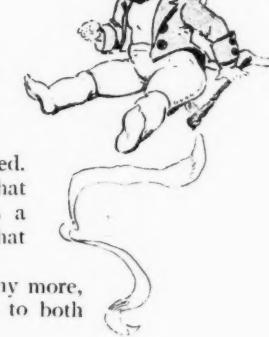
HARDLY.

"You are the light of my life!" he exclaimed.

She regarded him with a look of mingled pity and disdain.

"Of course you are lying!" she replied. "The merest grammar-school girl knows that light is a form of radiant energy, whereas a woman is a congeries of molecules. What could be more absurd!"

Man is the gay deceiver but hardly, any more, educational institutions being mostly open to both sexes.



AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

LORD OLDCASTLE.—Really, Mrs. Hustleton, one does not begin to appreciate this country until one has seen it.

MRS. HUSTLETON.—Why, Your Lordship, I did n't begin to appreciate it until I saw the others.

PUCK



REAL EXCITEMENT.

"What! Miss Byers gone home? Then she didn't care for the sport."
 "No. Her favorite sport is bargain-hunting."

APPRECIATION.

THE LITERARY Titan was strangely kind and subdued this morning.

"Guid wife," said he, betraying at once his Scottish origin, "for thirty years, now, have I quarreled with you, and the papers have yet to make anything of it. I begin to fear the public will never find out about our infelicity until after I am dead, and then their appreciation will do me no good. What is the use?"

The woman was frightened to hear him go on so.
 "Have cheer mon," she implored. "Look! are not the griddle cakes wretched? Pray throw something at me!"

Nor were her entreaties altogether in vain. For presently the Literary Titan glowered, albeit something wanly and half-heartedly.

IN TUCSON.

Going in for the Kneip cure in Tucson,
 She walks out with bare feet, when the dew's on,—
 But the cacti, et cetera,
 Soon prompt her to get her a
 Special permit to put shoes on.

HIS MOTTO.

ISAACS.—Vly, in dvendy years dot property vill be vorth ten times vot it is now.

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, I guess I vill zell it. I might be deadt in dvendy years undt a birdt in der handt is vorth a whole vlock in der handts of an executor!

LEGISLATION.

"But how would you have dealt with motorists?"
 "Easy enough," said the shade of Solon. "I'd have put the speed limit at sixty miles an hour. Then, of course, most of the motorists would quit, because it's no fun running a machine that can't go faster than the law allows."

The shade of Draco pooh-poohed, insisting that hanging and quartering was the only proper penalty, but nobody paid much attention to him.

OF COURSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, Emerson, the Lord made heaven and earth in six days; to what was the seventh devoted?

EMERSON BROWNING.—
 Boston.

ALL MEN are brothers and the
 Summer Girl is willing to be
 a sister to any reasonable number
 of them.

A HAPPY disposition is largely a disposition to make others happy.

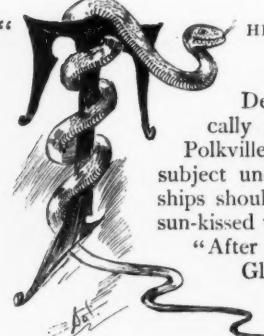


BETWEEN FRIENDS.

"I'm always careful about my make-up."
 "That's right, old man. You want to look
 the part even if you can't act it."

PUCK

THE TRIUMPH OF THE RUM DEMON.



"HE temperance folks started in to take a fall out of the Rum Demon, at night-before-last's session of the Debatin' Society," somewhat sarcastically said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., "upon which occasion the subject under discussion was whether battleships should be christened with wine or with sun-kissed water from the ripplin' rills.

"After the invocation, and a song by the Glee Club, the debate progressed along the regular lines till the worthy ladies of the W. C. T. U., who had come armed capper-pie for the fray, took and rung in little Hamilcar Tudd, the infant elocutionist and village popinjay, who screechin'ly declared that there was an old decanter and its mouth was gapin' wide. He was followed by Mrs. Carrie Yonn, who informed us, in an ominous, double-chinned voice, that annually exactly I-forget-how-many-thousands of the fairest youth of our land are fillin' drunkards' graves. Then, Miss Theodosia Witherlong, a sort of three-cornered lady, stated that the lips that touched wine should never touch her'n. And about that time the Rum Demon may be said to have begun to turn blue.

"But, just then, Miss Nonie Darlington, the old Judge's daughter, stood up, with just about the kissiest blushes on her cheeks that you have ever seen, and waved a small flag, and sang, in a voice that trembled just the littlest bit at the start, 'Columby, the Gem of the Ocean,' wherein, if you recollect, the second verse recommends all patriots to 'The wine-cup, the wine-cup, bring hither, and fill you it up to the brim;' and two young fellers who had been with old Joe Wheeler in Cuby, and three old fellers that had rode with young Joe Wheeler when he wore the Gray and tore around 'most every place, looked at each other, and then began to clap and stomp; and that woke up a thick-set chap that had been with Dewey at Manila, and whose father had been with Semmes on the 'Alabama,' and he j'ined in on the song in a great big brown voice; and the boys that were gawpin' in at the windows began to yelp; and the first thing you knew 'most everybody but the worthy ladies of the W. C. T. U. were singin' or cheerin', accordin' to the dictates of their own consciences, and the Rum Demon was settin' up and takin' notice in great shape.

"Then, when everybody was lookin' kinder peculiar at everybody else and the W. C. T. U.'s



II.
Each careful? Yes; till Dackel saw
A turtle on his way to shore.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Yes; he disregarded the doctor's orders and is now in the hospital."
"Is, eh?"
"Yes; the doctor told him not to work so hard and the chump went on a vacation."

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 7.



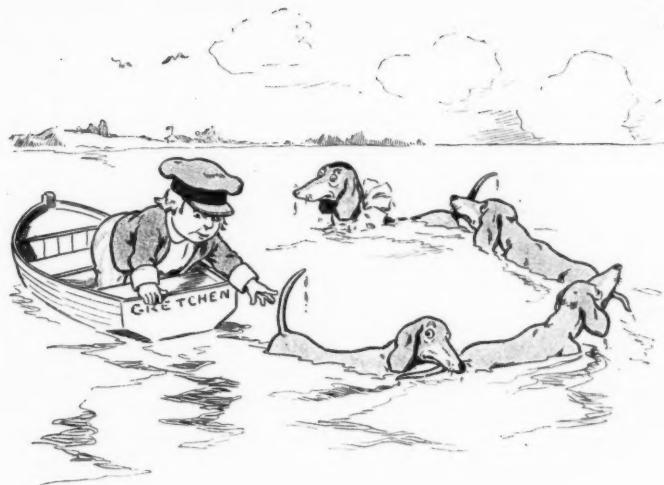
I.
Each careful not to rock the boat,
The chums and Hans we see afloat.



III.
Then terror reigned and Hans, dismayed,
Perceived his oar had swiftly strayed.

were snortin' like Walruses, old Riley Sogback, who is always on the opposite side of every question, on general principles, rose and moved that the next battleship be christened with soothin' syrup, and that in the meantime we adjourn to meet on the follerin' Thursday night and debate about whether the Turks ort to be driven out of Macedonia or the Macedonians driven out of Turkey. Also, we done it, and then departed, the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. goin' homeward by the straight and arid way, draggin' their respective husbands, none of whom weighed more than a hundred and 'leven pounds, after 'em; and the rest of us, includin' me, the fellers that had been with Wheeler and Dewey, old Sogback, and so forth, goin' joyously down the broad and easy way that led over to the

PUCK



IV.
"Ach! Lost we are!" he sobbed, "no sail,
No oar, no steam—What 's this? A tail!"

Judge's, where we had some larin' good punch concocted by Miss Nonie, some first-rate songs by 'most everybody, and a batch of cokin' good stories by the old Judge, who looks like a steel-trap in some ways but is plenty all right when he unlimbers. Takin' it all in all, I reckon the Rum Demon must have laid awake pretty much all night, laughin' at the way he'd come through the ordeal."

Tom P. Morgan.

OLD FAVORITES.

Naturally, Flora Temple and Goldsmith Maid were there, in spirit.

"Well, I declare! A runner ahead, and a runner at the side," sneered Flora.

"And a ball bearing sulky with pneumatic tires!" sniffed the Maid.

"Why not a gasoline motor on the axle to push?"

"Or an overhead trolley?"

And in the swelling plaudits which greeted the two-minute trotter, sundry shrieks of horse-laughter were drowned.

RICH AND POOR.

"You are good for nothing!" sneered the Rich Boy.

"Well, what are you good for?" demanded the Poor Boy.

"Never for less than a quarter!" replied the Rich Boy, haughtily.

Ah! the inequalities.

IN THE WILD WEST.

THE TOURIST.—Looks as if he were thirsting for gore, does n't he?

HIS COMPANION.—True; but may be he'd accept a little red liquor as a substitute.

THERE ARE persons who do not even look luxurious riding in a hansom.

IT IS unfortunate, but almost any old platitude is pretty sure to strike a responsive chord.

THE AVERAGE woman would find it hard to decide whether she would rather be the observed of all observers or the observer of all observed.



V.
The tail and opportunity
He grasped as one, instinctively.

OUT OF IT.

With these facilities at hand, He'd certainly have had The time of his life, were it not that His time of life forbade.

IN KANSAS.

"I believe they live in great style."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Why, their cyclone cellar is fitted up something elegant."

A WOMAN seldom falls asleep in church. The Lord made women not only more religious than men, but also, as if to render assurance doubly sure, more interested in hats.



VI.
Then said: "A tattle-tale I hate;
But those who carry tails are great."



A PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

MR. HAUSENHEIMER.—I would n't like to see you marry a man mitout a cendt.

HIS DAUGHTER.—Vell, ven you married Mama, you did n't haf a cendt.

MR. HAUSENHEIMER.—Yes, but not eferobody can expegt der same luck vot she had.



PUCK



THE BEST REMEDY.

HE.—But if a man won't take no for an answer.

SHE.—Then there is only one thing the girl can do—say yes—to some one else.

While money won't buy everything, still it gives you a rather large variety to choose from.

PUCK



PUCK PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEVERYISM IN OTHER HANDS. ONE of Tammany's bids for public confidence this fall is its spirited warfare on William S. Devery. Devery, since the last municipal election and the triumph of reform, has been at visible odds with the Hall. More than once has Tammany rebuked him, repulsed him, disowned him. He has been pointed out as the real cause of Tammany's last defeat—he and the scandalous Deveryism. Tammany desires it understood, therefore, that in ousting Devery, it has recognized as proper the public's revolt and set itself up again as a model organization, meriting public support. In the campaign, we doubt not, this contention will be fairly prominent. By an oversight, Devery, a corrupt and demoralizing person, at one time gained access to Tammany ranks. He is no longer there, having been promptly expelled the instant his real character was suspected. And purity reigns. As evidence of good faith—campaign good faith—the foregoing would be reasonably convincing could we overlook the fact that Devery and Deveryism grew and flourished in local soil because of Tammany, not in spite of it. Devery is the name of a former policeman; but Deveryism, as a practice, is linked as securely to Tammany Hall as Tweedism, Crokerism or the various forms of graft. Deveryism and Tammany were on terms of intimacy while Devery, the policeman, was still pounding the pavement, an obscure patrolman. That his name is now attached to it is merely a graceful testimonial to his undoubted abilities. Devery is out of Tammany. But Deveryism remains. And will remain; cared for and fostered and converted into tribute by as many of the Tammany gentry as have pull enough to reach so rich a claim. Tammany, politically, can not afford to keep Devery. But it can not, financially, afford to drop Deveryism. It is pay dirt.

THE GROCERY SEATS.



THE grocery seats! What forum great
E'er heard discussed affairs of state
With such discernment, such
command
Of logic, facts, as when the band
Of village patriots debate?

They make and break the county slate,
All true reforms they advocate,
And coups d'état are shrewdly planned
In grocery seats.

While citizens thus congregate,
The grocer sadly sighs at fate
Whose ways he cannot understand.
Somehow this "trade" does not expand—
Although his doors are open late—
His gross receipts.
Wood Levette Wilson.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

"Tackleton is a remarkable football player, is n't he?"
"Very. He's a graduate of a correspondence school of football."



AN IMPORTANT PRIZE.

THE BEAR. — Aha! I believe this is what he calls his ammunition. At any rate, it's what he loads up with!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

CONCERNING A 'GRO



"If alive to their true interests, rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, without regard to whether this spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men. — President Roosevelt's Speech, Sept. 7

A 'GROWING MENACE.'



A METHOD IN HIS DULLNESS.

TEACHER.—You notice that boy who stands at the foot of the class? Well, last Summer he was the brightest boy in school.

COMMITTEE-MAN.—He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove!

A LINE TO CARRIE.

Oh! Caroline 's so very sweet,
From rippling curls to twinkling feet,
No magiery of rhyme is meet
To sing her beauty near divine;
A Venus as to form is she,—
Her waist 's slender as can be,—
To lend it more of symmetry
I would not care to add a line.

It e'en a Chesterfield behooves
To note the grace with which she moves,
And grace and form and face but proves
I do no wrong to thus enshrine
Her in my heart of hearts, and say
With all a lover's naivete:
"One charm along improvement's way
I would not add to Caroline."

Roy Farrell Greene

HIS GENEROSITY.

YOUNG LOVEMAN.—Mr. Hennypeck,
I come to ask you for your daughter. I
love—

MR. HENNYPECK.—That 's all right; you may have her.
And—er—I don't suppose you can possibly see your way clear to
take her mother, too?

THE PROBABILITY is that only men who don't know how they do it
ever live to be 100.

*It would be very convenient if those who don't want to be quoted could
change places with those who do.*



A DILEMMA.

THE SEAL.—Now, where the Dickens am I
going to strike the match?

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AN INTERRUPTED PANEYRIC.

(Dictated.)

FOR THE writer to think on the narrow facilities of his ancient father-craftsman is to rejoice at the luxurious conveniences of his own time. In ancient days the writer carried his library both of reference and of study in his head; while now his shelves are filed full of the observations of poets and scholars.

I am reminded in regarding the easy lines in which the life of the modern writer runs, of an artist who has not to go out to discover the beauties of the world, but finds them already discovered, with sketches of them at hand. Yet even this figure does not show the whole ease of the modern writer's work; for instead of having sketches from which to make compositions, he has compositions for his studies; and readily wins reputation by only making sketches from others' finished work.

But we must not continue to write in this high style lest we be taken up into the clouds to sit among the immortal seven with Dante who is personally uncongenial to us.

With the bettering of the time the mere mechanical conveniences have so improved as to give the modern writer distinct advantage. Once the literateur made use of the clumsy *stylus*. How with this could he write in an easy and graceful style? And after the *stylus* came the goose-quill with its goose-tracks.

Now we have the writing-machine and the dark-eyed laughing amanuensis. Who with these could not command beautiful thoughts and clothe them in wondrous language. It is with these the present panegyric is written; and we can truly say that we write this as easily as Shakspere wrote his tamer works under the less favorable conditions of the past.

We have characterized the dark-eyed laughing amanuensis as a "mechanical improvement." What words! We were a Goth to speak thus; aye, we were a Visigoth. Flippant, still flippant. Yet how many times have we striven for courage to speak in earnest. The dark-eyed amanuensis is an inspiration richer in ideas than all the libraries in existence—richer than all the libraries in existence. The pretty, timid creature whose glance is a poem; whose down-cast look is more eloquent than a love-song of Burns—who labors with such honest faith recording stupid words—The pretty fingers—The gently bending head—Have I courage enough? Dear, dear Ju—

* * * * *

Williston Fish.



HOW IT LOOKED.

"Ferdy's rich uncle must be dead; he's cracking jokes *ad libitum*."

"Yes; and must have left him lots of money; everybody is laughing at them."

El Principe de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

DOING HIS SHARE.

ANGRY FATHER.—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.

CAPERTON.—Well, sir, some one has got to.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HUMAN NATURE.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "what would you do if you was to wake up and find yourself a railway president?"

"I dunno," answered Meandering Mike. "Human nature is human nature. I s'pose I'd git mercenary an' begin to worry about all de rides I've been beatin' de company out of."—*Washington Star*.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"Rather a clever poem," said the editor, handing back the manuscript; "do you know who is the author of those lines?"

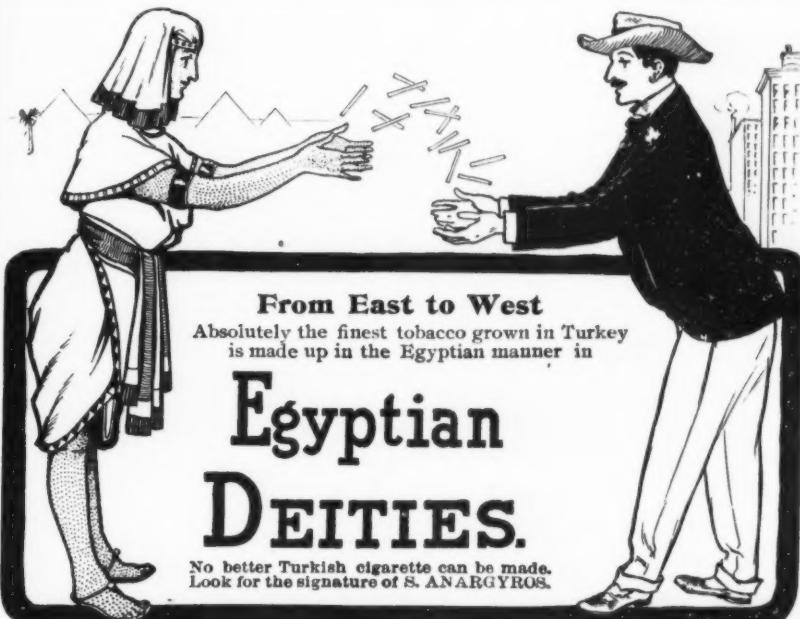
"Of course," replied the proud father; "didn't I tell you my son wrote 'em?"

"But are you sure he did?"

"Sure! Don't you suppose I know his handwriting?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

DOCTOR.—Want to get up, eh? Ah, I thought my medicine would fetch you out of bed.

TOMMY.—Yes, an' then, besides, I seen a circus poster.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



From East to West

Absolutely the finest tobacco grown in Turkey is made up in the Egyptian manner in

Egyptian Deities.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Look for the signature of S. ANARGYROS.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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SAVAGE



THE SAVAGE 25-35, 32-40 and 38-55 calibers are some sizes recently added to the famous 303 and 30-30 Model 1899 Hammerless Repeater. These loads are considered the standard for accuracy and will probably never be exceeded for hunting and target purposes.

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SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

Pears'

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Short Stories

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. By H. C. BUNNER, Late Editor of PUCK. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated.

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THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

ADOPTION.

"When did you adopt the stage as a profession?"

"I should not say that I ever adopted the stage," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But I spent some weary years persuading the stage to adopt me." — *Washington Star*.

A NEIGHBORLY HINT.

MRS. SUBURB.—Why in the world don't you grease that lawn mower of yours?

NEIGHBOR'S HIRED MAN.—The Misses told me not to till you had your pianer tuned.—*New York Weekly*.



THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

WHEN A man has a reputation for being ill, he can turn down all social invitations.—*Washington Democrat*.

BASS FISHING IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Abundant Opportunity for Rare Sport in the North Branch. Various Methods that Insure a Big Catch.

Special Correspondence of "The Philadelphia Press."

TUNKHANNOCK, Aug. 8.—The north branch of the Susquehanna, at almost any point north of Tunkhannock, as far as Towanda, is a favorite bass fishing stream. The river in this stretch of country winds through rich farm land and is almost entirely free from pollution. The scenery is picturesque, made so by sharp and rocky bluffs, whose base touches the water's edge. Here are cool and shady pools and swift riffs, where the wily bass hides in waiting for tempting shiners and bullheads that may chance to venture out too far from the shallow waters.

Some shore fishing is practiced, but fishing from a boat is the rule. All along the river are homes where lodging, boats and bait may be obtained, and, if desirable, the assistance of a man acquainted with the river, to row the boat, attend to the bait and fish, and make himself generally useful.

Fishermen may fare sumptuously at \$1.50 a day. Boats cost 50 cents a day, and an attendant \$1.50.

The popular bait is the bullhead, a small catfish, netted out of the sluggish streams that discharge into the river. Its chief characteristics are toughness and durability. It lives a long while on the hook and sometimes survives the strike of a bass if the contact with the latter's teeth has not penetrated too deeply.

There are various methods in use for bass fishing. Sometimes the boat is anchored at the head of a deep pool, or in the middle of it, or else lower down where the water thins out into pebbly shallows just at the head of a riff. At other times the boat is gently rowed along, the oars dipping the water with a touch of velvet so as not to alarm the fish. Another plan is to have the boat sent up the river early in the morning, a distance of five or six miles, and then fish from the boat as it floats with the current, the lines dragging in the rear.

The most important articles in the equipment of tackle is a stout rod, a good multiplying reel and a strong bass line not less than 100 yards long.

In a day's sport, with good luck, it is safe to count on the capture of one or two five-pounders, along with others ranging from one to three pounds.

Laceyville offers ten miles of accessible fishing territory, not excelled anywhere on the river. Further down are Mehoopany and Meshoppen, equally desirable.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

HE.—We had best elope about 2 A. M.! I will bring my "auto" to the next corner, and—

SHE.—Oh, could n't you make it a little earlier, dear—pa and ma do so want to see us off and I don't like to keep them up so late!

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

On coaching parties don't overlook a few cold bottles of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It will double your pleasure.

NOT SO CLEVER.

"Fine, was n't it?" exclaimed Citiman, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance. "That was really clever, eh?"

"O, shucks!" replied Citiman's country cousin. "He did n't fool me a little bit. That's one o' them trick horns. He did n't really swaller it."—*Phila. Press*.

A REAL good friend is one who will say you are sensitive when you are quarrelsome.—*Atchison Globe*.

Four 24-Hour Trains to Chicago Every Day — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

IF IT'S
Red Top Rye
IT'S RIGHT



SAFE.

RABBIT.—Well, I don't see that I'm in much danger if I keep my eyes open and don't let him step on me.

You look better, feel better, are better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

A MELANCHOLY SUMMARY.

"Are you aware that you are being criticised for using money in politics?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "If you use money they criticise you, and if you don't they forget all about you."—*Washington Star*.

The "cold bot," when you crack it, is bound to hit you back. At night you're on the racket, Next morning on the rack. —*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SURBRUG'S
Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

THE CROWD.
Somebody stands on the pavement there,
Lifting his voice in a lusty cheer,
Seeking to bury his own dull care,
He welcomes each figure that may appear.

He hails the hero of martial rank,
He hails the clown who must laugh to live.
The welcome he offers the mountebank
Is the highest welcome his soul can give.

And this is the fame that men declare
Is worth the toil and the bitter tear;
Somebody stands on the pavement there,
Lifting his voice in a lusty cheer.
—*Washington Star*.

HER CHARMS UNDIMMED.

FRIEND.—And you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?

MRS. BEAUTI.—I have not the remotest idea.

FRIEND.—Don't you feel worried?

MRS. BEAUTI.—Not a particle.

FRIEND.—On what do you base your confidence?

MRS. BEAUTI.—On the fact that whenever I enter a crowded street car a dozen men jump up and offer me a seat.—*New York Weekly*.

BADLY FRIGHTENED.

"How did I look when you proposed to me?"

"You looked as if you were taking your first ride in an automobile."—*Detroit Free Press*.

We wish company could be entertained somehow without causing so much dish washing.—*Washington Democrat*.



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Blue Ribbon
The Beer of Quality. The very life of the malt caught and held in absolute purity for your delectation. Sold everywhere.

SYMPATHY.

"Why does the public seem to dislike Shakspere?" said the man with the solemn countenance.

"They don't dislike Shakspere," answered Miss Cayenne. "The manner in which they sometimes stay away from the theatre indicates that they are quite fond of Shakspere and are prepared to take sides with him against people who are ready to do him injustice."—*Washington Star*.

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Chrystal drops from golden grain; pure and mellow, rich and fragrant; the ideal stimulant and tonic for universal use. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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QUEER TASTE.

FARMER WAYBACK.—Wall, of all durn fools, that artist feller takes the cake. MRS. WAYBACK.—What's he doin'?

FARMER WAYBACK.—He's down yonder paintin' a picture of that old tumble-down barn, and there's a brand-new barn right behind him.—*New York Weekly*.

WEATHER-BEATEN.

"Why do so many writers use that hackneyed phrase, 'the weather-beaten farmer?'" said the young man who reads novels.

"I dunno," answered Mr. Cortosse as he laid down the paper containing the latest freshet news, "unless it's because the weather beats us out of so many crops."—*Washington Star*.

PRECOCIOUS IN SPOTS.

BOBBY.—Do I have to go to school again, mother?

MOTHER.—Of course, Bobby.

BOBBY.—Why, Mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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TAILOR.—It can't be helped.

BOOKKEEPER.—If your envelope contained your name and address they would be returned without expense.

TAILOR.—Yes; but then the people who receive them would n't open them.—*New York Weekly*.



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A WARY STATESMAN.

"You don't make many pretensions as a speechmaker."
"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is a misfortune for a public man to get into the habit of saying clever things. They are always remembered and held up against him in case he wants to change his mind."—*Washington Star*.

MORE FUN AHEAD.

FIRST CRANK.—Come around to the hall to-night. We are getting up a new league.

SECOND CRANK.—What sort?

FIRST CRANK.—We have n't decided yet; but it's going to be an anti-something or other.—*New York Weekly*.



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"Is your daughter improving in her music?"

"I should n't be surprised," answered Mr. Cumrox. "The dog has quit howling every time she sits down to the piano."—*Washington Star*.

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A SOOTHING SERMON.

"Br'er Williams, what wuz de text de parson preached fun?"

"Bless God, I clean fergot! De sermon done me so much good I felled asleep en dreamed I wuz in glory!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

RELIEVED.

"So the physicians thought you had appendicitis?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "and I was so relieved to learn that they were mistaken. Appendicitis is going completely out of style, you know."—*Washington Star*.



EXPERIENCED.

"May be you not likee Chinee dishee, lady."

"Oh, I dare say I can stand it! I've sampled most of the Bohemian table d'hôtes.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

"Drop up, old boy—drop up and see us."

"Drop up?"

"Yes; we live in the top flat.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Nature's Chronometer—Illustrated
Abandoned Farms—Illustrated
The Three Oregons—Illustrated
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A Little Country Cousin—Illustrated
The Mazamas—Illustrated
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A Little Bit of Holland—Illustrated
The Romance of Reality—Illustrated
The War Eagle—Illustrated
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HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

"Dad," said the rural youngster to his home-returning parent, "what do you reckon has done took an' happened?"

"How kin I tell?"

"The lightin' an' thunder has kilt yer two brindle cows, an' five hogs!"

"That's bad, my son; but I can't be everywhere. Providence knowed I wuz away from home, and took advantage of my absence!"—Atlanta Constitution.

JUDGE.—Why do you wish to be relieved from jury duty?

CITIZEN.—I wear a gold watch, and I don't like the looks of three or four of the fellows you have already accepted.—N. Y. Weekly.

"YES, Bickerby has gone into the fire insurance business."

"Can he make it pay?"

"I guess so. His proposed father-in-law owns three blocks, four apartment houses and ninety-seven dwellings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE SECRET OF IT.

"How come it that old Jones is eternally singing that one hymn—'Give Me the Old Time Religion?'"

"Well, they never took up such big collections in those days."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FINAL ANSWER.

There is a little boy at school
Who bravely makes a start,
But somehow never seems to get
The lesson all by heart.
It is a mournful thing to see
His look of gathering woe,
As he at last gives up the task
And answers, "I don't know."

Be not discouraged, little boy,
For you are not alone—
What flings the borealis light
Across the arctic zone?
What gives its color to the rose?
What bids the seed to grow?
The wisest man must blush at last
And say, "I do not know."

—Washington Star.



HIS OPINION.

SHE.—Ah! There are Mr. Spooner and Miss Brassey. They seem quite interested in the game.

THE CADDY.—Yes, Miss. That's because you're looking at them.

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters

A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight
Refuse cheap domestic imitations. Get Dr. Siegert's.

HARD.

"The expedition endured the extreme hardship."

"Yes, I understand they were locked in the ice during two lecture seasons."—Detroit Free Press.

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(Linen-Mesh)
Underwear

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THE PRESIDENT.—What is the matter? Something awful must have happened to make you look so troubled.
THE VICE-PRESIDENT.—I have just discovered that Mr. Ostrich, who has been our trusted employee for eighteen years, has eaten \$40,000 worth of securities!